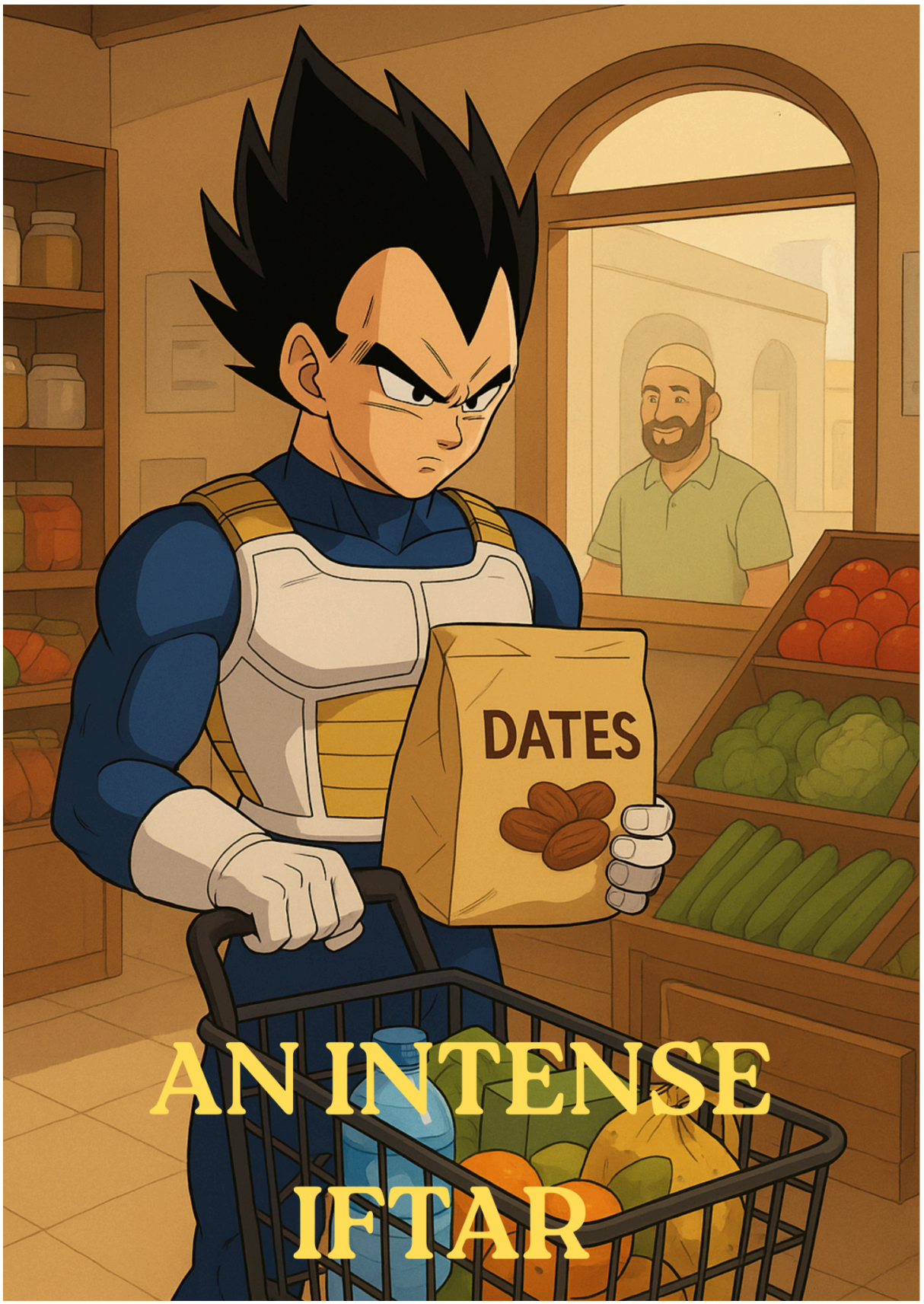
DATES
AN INTENSE
IFTAR

*Vegeta steps out of the small neighborhood baqala, a bag of dates and laban in his hand. The orange glow of late Asr spills over the street. He glances toward the masjid, the melodic **adhan** echoing through the air.*

Vegeta (softly, to himself):
"Time for Asr. No point delaying."

He walks calmly, every step steady — far from the impatient warrior he once

At the ablution area, familiar faces greet him. Goku (Kakarot) is helping Goten wash up, showing him the steps carefully.

Goku:
"See, Goten? Right arm first. Gotta be mindful — like training, but for the soul."

Goten (grinning):
"Got it, Dad! Like spiritual sparring!"

Vegeta smirks as he approaches, folding his arms.

Vegeta:
"Hmph. At least the boy's learning discipline somewhere."

Goku (laughing):
"Hey, you should've seen him last week. He woke me up for Fajr!"

Goten beams proudly. Vegeta raises an eyebrow, clearly impressed but hiding it behind his usual stoicism.

Vegeta:
"Good. Even the strongest warriors start with small victories."

Inside the Masjid

The group steps in quietly — Vegeta, Goku, Goten, Piccolo, and Gohan among the congregation. Shoulder to shoulder, united. The imam begins the prayer, his recitation flowing gently through the air.

For those few moments, nothing else matters — not battles, not pride, not even the stars. Only presence. Peace.

After the Prayer

They sit outside on the masjid steps. The sun is lower now, the world golden and still. Goten munches on a date, looking betweeen the adults curiously.

Goten:
"Dad, do you think being calm like this makes us stronger?"

Goku (smiling):
“Definitely. Strength isn’t just power, Goten. It’s knowing when to fight… and when to be still.”

Vegeta nods, his gaze distant but thoughtful.

Vegeta:
“I spent years chasing strength to prove something. Now I see — true power begins with control. And control starts… here.” *He taps his chest lightly.*

Goten looks inspired, eyes wide. Piccolo glances up, his usual sternness softening.

Piccolo:
“Seems like Earth’s Saiyans are finally learning something worth keeping.”

They all share a quiet laugh. The sound blends with the gentle rustle of trees as the sun begins to set. The call for Maghrib will come soon — and they’ll be ready.

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Would you like me to continue this into the **Maghrib prayer and dinner afterward** (maybe a family-style scene with Chi-Chi, Bulma, and the others joining), or would you prefer to expand this moment into a **longer reflective short story** that shows how their faith changed their lives?

You said:
continie

ChatGPT said:

Excellent — let's continue from that serene Asr moment into **Maghrib**, where the peace of faith meets the warmth of family.

Scene: Masjid Courtyard – Just Before Maghrib

The last light of day melts into the horizon. The air carries the scent of oud and warm dust. Goku, Vegeta, Piccolo, Gohan, and Goten sit together, finishing their dates and water after a light snack.

Goten (looking up at the sky):
"It's so quiet, Dad. Even the birds stopped flying."

Goku (smiling):
"That's how you know Maghrib's close, Goten. Everything pauses for a bit. Like the world's taking a breath."

Vegeta glances toward the minaret, arms folded as always.

Vegeta:
"Hmph. Even this planet knows when to bow before its Creator."

Piccolo gives him a small approving nod.

Piccolo:
"Didn't think I'd see the day when Vegeta sounded like a scholar."

Vegeta:
"Watch your tongue, Namekian. Even warriors can reflect."

They all chuckle quietly. The adhan for Maghrib begins, echoing through the air — calm, steady, beautiful. Instantly, all talk stops. The Saiyans rise and enter the masjid once more.

Scene: Inside the Masjid – Maghrib Prayer

The lines form again. Goku stands next to Goten this time, gently helping his son adjust his stance. Vegeta stands beside them, his posture straight, calm. Piccolo and Gohan fill the row.

As the imam recites, Goten listens intently, eyes closed in focus. The prayer flows like rhythm — strength wrapped in serenity.

When they finish, Goten whispers softly:

Goten:
"It feels like… everything's lighter."

Goku:
"That's the barakah of salah, son."

Vegeta:
"Hmph. Remember that feeling, boy. It's rarer than any transformation."

Goten nods, smiling.

Scene: Capsule Corp – Later That Evening

The stars are out now. The Saiyans have gathered at Capsule Corp for dinner. Bulma's laid out a massive spread: rice, grilled lamb, salad, samosas, fruit — the works.

Bulma (smiling):
"Welcome home, everyone. I figured you'd be hungry after the masjid."

Goku (already piling food):
"You know me too well!"

Chi-Chi (laughing):
"Don't eat too fast, Goku! It's not a race!"

Vegeta takes his seat quietly, saying "Bismillah" before eating — something that used to surprise Bulma but now feels normal. She smiles, seeing the change in him.

Bulma:
"You've mellowed out, Vegeta. You don't even yell at Goku anymore."

Vegeta (with a smirk):
"Don't mistake peace for weakness, woman."

Piccolo:
"He's right. It's not weakness. It's strength redirected."

They all eat together, laughter and conversation filling the air. Goten talks about his new goal — mastering both martial arts and Quran recitation.

Goten:
"I wanna have perfect balance — like Dad and Uncle Vegeta, but with more control!"

Gohan (smiling proudly):
"That's the spirit, Goten. True power comes from discipline — inside and out."

Vegeta glances at the boy, his expression softening ever so slightly.

Vegeta:
"Then perhaps this generation will finally surpass us… in every way."

The group falls silent for a moment — not out of tension, but respect. Then laughter returns, warm and bright. The night continues peacefully, a new kind of strength binding them together.